

TOIKE OIKE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY!

CHAMPAGNE ISSUE

TOIKE OIKE

28 SEPTEMBER 1978

POSTAL PIFFLES

In an unprecedented maneuver this morning, Canada Post has announced that they will be staging work-sessions all over the country at predetermined times this week.

The spokesman for the Post Office said that the work-

sessions will almost totally cripple postal service in the country when workers walk onto their jobs from their perpetual strike for the usual 8 hour shift that the rest of the normal working world has to put up with.

He figures that the unaccustomed presence of workers at their jobs should drag things to a standstill in a very short time, because not one of them remembers what their jobs were all about.

By engineering wildcat work

sessions, the already badly ailing postal service will be dealt a fatal kick to the groin within the next few weeks.

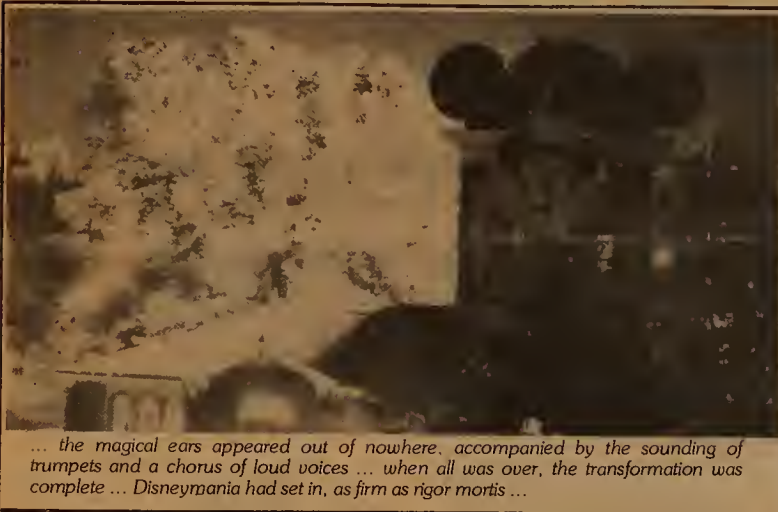
"We're very optimistic about this plan of attack," the CUPW announced. "Just because we're public employees does not automatically make us servants of the people. And just because the taxpayer is in effect stuffing our union coffers does not entitle them to receive regular service."

The public was expectedly enraged by these slighting

statements issued by CUPW. The PM was unavailable for comment, and the official reason was that he was busy obtaining a Visa in order to visit Quebec.

Although this current strategy appears to be the best shot at success for the Post Office, the average Canadian is almost totally unaware of the fact that postal service even exists in this country.

No one is expected to mourn the final demise of mail delivery.



... the magical ears appeared out of nowhere, accompanied by the sounding of trumpets and a chorus of loud voices ... when all was over, the transformation was complete ... Disneymania had set in, as firm as rigor mortis ...

Sexism Runs Wild On U of T Campus

"Hookers Wanted." This provocative phrase appeared on a poster to attract popular attention to the (until now) unheard of U of T Rugby Club. This ad, of course, is a light and clever play on words that we're sure was quite amusing to anyone who could comprehend the jargon.

In rugby, "hooker" designates a position on the team

The Toike Oike proceeded to conduct a little interview on its own (as opposed to the biased interviews which could be found in the Varsity) to see if the entire campus was as outraged as the Vars(h)ity's survey seemed to find.

The first young man (Tim Maryon IND IV) said, "Must be a bunch of artsie jam tarts, if that bothers them." A young woman responded, "I don't play rugger, and I'm not a hooker, so what the Hell!" Another girl thought that the ad was particularly inoffensive and laughed at the

notion that it might be sexually offensive.

Another student remarked "Those people must have their heads stuck up their Victorian

assholes." The final comment came from a young lady (CHEM II) who said, "You want a statement? Okay, the Varsity SUCKS!"



FAGGOTS WANTED

as well as Poops, No. 69s, Fly-Offs, Wing-dings, etc. to play with the

U of T Bigger Club

no experience necessary



... the mail must go through ...

The First Joike

Thrice upon a time, in le court of Louis XVI, there dwelt trois prospering Engineers who had cometh to disfavours His Royal Highness. The trois monsewers were sentenced to die une most awful death at la guillotine.

Le first to go was le Mech Engineer, who promptly placed his neck dans la guillotine. Le henchman released la blade which came crashing down, and stopped exactly 156.3 cm. above le Mech's neck. Et he was set free.

Then it was le Chem's turn,

and he exclaimed, "Je me take it face up!" Le Chem Engineer placed his neck dans la guillotine. Le henchman, he release le blade, et once again it stopped before inflicting death upon le defenseless engineer, and he (il) was set free.

The Eng. Sci. stepped forward. Ne pas wishing to be outdone by the autre Engineer, he also went face up. As le henchman prepared to release la blade, le ingenious Eng. Sci. shouted, "Wait! I tink i sees la problem!"

Look For More

godiva's box

Dearest Godiva,

As you realize, a new mountain has emerged in downtown Trawna. It has been constructed out of wood and has been named Mount der Preem. I understand that you engineers were called on by an artsman to destroy the mountain. DONT YOU FUCKING DARE TOUCH MT. DER PREEM. After all, artsman are the lowest form of life and his suggestion is therefore invalid. I trust you engineers will not stoop so low as to heed the artsman's request. I built that damned mountain and it shall remain for eternity, or else! Destruction of that mountain will result in the death of the BFC. Thank you.

(up) Yours,
Monty Molchill
Mount der Preem
Trawna.

Dear Monty,

Your threats are meaningless because the BFC does not exist, never did exist and never will exist.

Signed,
Godiva

14 September 1978

Dear Editor and Mrs. Box:

Once again I wish the both of you much success in the cumming year, and please give my regards to the children.

I am still enjoying life "down-under" and, in fact, that is my favorite position.

I now humbly submit three jokes which are really too good for the Toike, but I've decided that the paper needed a bit of a lift.

I appreciate the back-issues I've been sent in the past for the jokes I've submitted and I hope you can still afford to sent out a couple from this semester (I've noticed that postage rates have risen).

Keep well, and all the breast.

Jeff Cooper
Mech 7T6 Eng

(Ed.'s Note - We love to receive fan mail ... if only we would get less of it! But seriously folks, we can send copies of the Toike almost anywhere — provided the Canadian Union of Professional Wimps happens to be working at the time. Whatever happened to carrier pigeons?)

Dearest Box,

As an inexperienced Flrosh, I have observed that fees are like artsies; we have a lot of them around, and no matter how much we hate them, they're here to stay. But can't we cut down on other expenses?

I have (to put it mildly) paid a considerable amount for the dead-weights I lug around in my briefcase. I bought only one second-hand and saved 12 bucks. Needless to say, if I had bought all my books second-hand, I would be considerably richer than I am now.

Perhaps, through the use of Godiva's remarkable talents, the Engineering Stores could be enticed into the buying and selling of second-hand books. This would result in better-nourished wallets in the pockets of both Flrosh and Otherclassmen alike.

Sincerely,

A broke Flrosh

(Ed.'s Note - The problem of book costs is one which has been thrown around and flogged about for years and years and years. The main reason that no large second-hand trade is carried on at any place on campus (save for the Bookstore) is that the job of collecting and pricing texts is a mammoth task, even over a small faculty like Engineering. The decision has been reached perhaps hundreds of times in committees everywhere to promote the second-hand textbook trade only at the private level. If you really want to buy and sell your textbooks check out the bulletin boards throughout the Engineering buildings, or dream up a scheme, and volunteer to be the chairman of a Book Trade Committee.)

A NAD

For Sale: one 1977 Betavus Moped. Weighs less than a Mack truck, uses less gas than an F-14 Tomcat, and at \$165 with helmet and lock costs just pennies more than an all-nighter at St. Hilda's.

Call 699-6880.

Sir, ☐
Dear Madame, ☐ (check one)
Other, ☐

Having just finished reading this year's first Toike issue (it was, as usual, excellent) I could not help noticing the letter from the wet and cold IND 8T1. Such egregious accusation of our dearly beloved LGMB cannot go unanswered.

Firstly, I suggest that he direct his obvious bitterness elsewhere. It's not the Bnad's fault that he couldn't find anything better and so had to resort to having intimate relations with the pond.

Secondly, he is mistaken in thinking that all the upperclassmen go up to farm to drink and smoke and... Some of us do some work. If this poor, misguided soul will stop to think (I trust he can), he will realize that the Bnad has but one rehearsal all year -- that being the one at the farm. During this rehearsal we have to teach our extensive repertoire to all our aspiring Flrosh musicians -- by ear! Of course, laymen like him cannot begin to comprehend the enormity of this task; especially with the low calibre of the class of 8T2.

Do you realize that, after wetting their feet (ha ha) with a small show at Hart House Farm, the Flrosh play their first formal performance to a crowd that would more than fill Massey Hall?

As you can plainly see, the Bnad has little time to indulge in the frivolous games of the others at the farm.

Also the dedicated Bnadsmen is inescapably attached to his instrument which must be protected at all costs. Any rough handling would ruin the delicate balance of the moving parts.

Sincerely, a dry but
hard-working
BNADsman 8T1

Godiva's Box is the only official correspondence forum for the Toike Oike. It is fairly simple to discern the serious letters from those supplied to brighten the day. Submissions must be signed if not delivered personally in order to be printed. Anonymity will be preserved if requested. If we don't get enough real letters, we steal from other people.

Good morning Mr. Phelts:

Dear Godiva,

In the past three weeks our beloved leader, editor, and former Engineering Science Sucker has received threatening letters, comments, and generally obscene heavy breathing telephone calls concerning the last TOIKE OIKE issue.

Jim, should you decide to accept this mission, it will be your job to retrieve all copies of that TOIKE and wipe it clean from the memories of all engineers. If any copies should be captured or read, the publishers disavow any knowledge of that TOIKE or its lack of JOIKES.

In five seconds all Frosh issues and artsies will self-destruct.

GOOD LUCK!

The Publisher

Could you please tell me why the Toike Oike never prints my letters and articles? I am an average engineer with a corrupted mind and foul mouth. Just because my articles do not reach a wide selection of readers, does not mean that you shouldn't print them. Being of such high calibre, they are hilarious to one and all, and to all a good night.

signed,
Distracted ex-eng sci(voluntary transfer)

Dear Godiva;

I would just like to say, that as a female engineering scientist, Engineering Science sucks best!

Eng. Sci. 8T1

The Toike Oike is produced by the University of Toronto Engineering Society. Typesetting is done by The Newspaper, and printing by Delta Web Graphics. All original material is copywrite, and may be used with a suitable acknowledgement.

One Last Shot



When you're drinking tequila, Sauza's the shot that counts. That's why more and more people are asking for it by name.

TEQUILA SAUZA

Number one in Mexico.
Number one in Canada.



SPECIAL OFFER



President Robert Yates and Brother Yodar Kritch

both wrote for Toike Oike.

For a limited time only, when you present this coupon, you are entitled to submit one (1) entire article to the Toike Oike.

You Can, Too!

VALUE COUPON

Editorial Offices:

Third Floor, 20 St. George St.
Toronto, Ontario,
M5S 2E4.

Phone: 978-5377



TOIKE OIKE 1978

The Toike Oike is published every now and then in the interests of the Engineering Undergraduates in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. We aren't really funded by anyone.

EDITOR	Mike Nettleton
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Dave Sosinsky
SPORTS EDITOR	Stuart Ferrie
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Bill Mark
BFC LIAISON OFFICER	Dave Bowden
... and a cast of thousands	

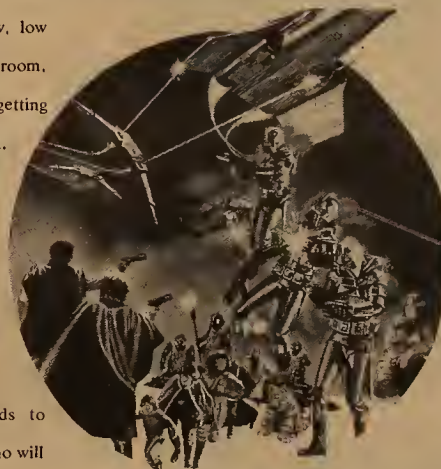
This issue is dedicated to us, because we work so damn hard for so damn little credit - it isn't easy to type when you're only a little gerbil ...

EDITORIAL PAGE

эраг Јајротібэн

R. G. West — See you Back Stage. Boys!
Shnore — Oh, what does a Queen's Girl wear under her kilt?
Sneaky Six Systems — Now, for the low, low price of only ...
The Bakes — Well, you goes to yer back room, eh, and you gets yer compensation.
Larch — Happily getting older. Happily getting stuffed. Being creative, too.
Forest Mozo — High Kim. Hello Naomi.
Low Beth. I'm having treatment ...
The Gremlin — It's about time!
Paul K. T. — A few beers and I turn into Bill Bixby.
B.D. — I miss high school math classes
Reddy — Take two nurses & go to bed!
Ghost of Chub — Booo ... oobs.
Kattabla — wasn't here
Arkebart — wasn't here either
Pud — Hey, Sanji. I saw the wife.
Roto (dead) — Up yours.
Live Rooter — up mine
Batman — Dynamic Duo gets it done
Bill M. — Beware! Scambatti spreads to Lakehead, as the strain Paulus Dennissus.
Wendy — This space is dedicated to LC who will have no hair in the year 2000, poor baby ...

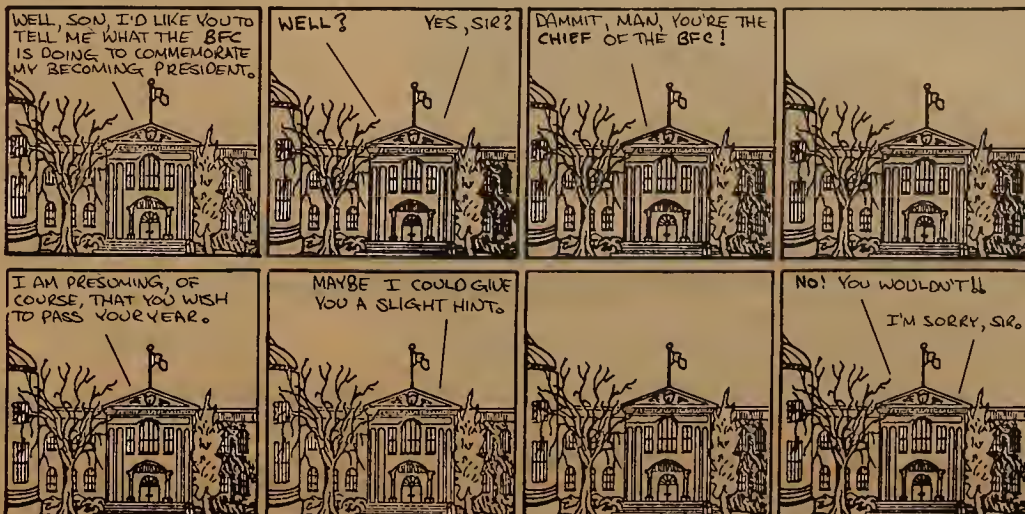
MOOSEHEAD



Blorn — Awke TWIT
Brillo — Shit! I never even got fed.
M.R.S. — ...
I.G. d B. — sweet and innocent from an all-girls school
John Kenny — just plain silly
Jymmi eM — still wired after all these beers
Steev dEe — Just a wild and crazy guy
Mikey — and I (ME) I didn't even get to eat!
Brand X — Bring on the dancing girls, then carry them off.
Flash — Here I am missing you; ya, I'll go on loving you.
Eric — "Would we zig zag our way through the boredom and pain?"
Dave Bowden — Sex is easy, but Skulework cums harder.
Anne — Oh! How he hates to get up in the morning!
Sue S. — I be; therefore I am an engineer - JP
Farre
Mellow Yellow — Suusan at Suuu College; Hi!
The Ed. — Sexism runs rampant; Engineering runs the University.
BaNa2 — Can I please have Goofy's Toike Subscription? (a dress to follow)
Rob Hz — I'm sorry. Really I am. It must have been the Special Sauce.
Nancy B. — Ohhhh ...

SIMCOE HALL

by larch



The Varsity/Toike

Six short months ago, on Friday, March 3rd, there was an issue of the Toike Oike which was a complete parody of the Varsity. The issue was a result of over five week's planning and writing, one and one-half of which was frenzied activity in order to meet the deadlines and get the paper out on time.

Since the issue was a parody, it bore an almost exact likeness to the Varsity itself, and was basically identical to a real Varsity on the front page. We had also gone to great lengths to see if the Varsity could be externally delayed, but our attempts to that end failed; however, the Varsity was quite obliging that day, and came out quite accidentally shortly after the Toike did.

Both papers were late that day, with the distribution of the Toike beginning shortly before noon. This worked out almost perfectly (from our point of view) as people who were leaving classes or headed to lunch saw the Toike/Varsity and picked it up, assuming it to be a real one.

Some people, who would never be seen within ten feet of a copy of Toike Oike, glanced through the paper, assuming it to be a real Varsity. Reaching the inner back page of the paper, they encountered some small shorts (in the Classified Ads section) which were basically filler to make the issue more Varsity-like.

Of course, they couldn't be bothered reading the more contrived and relevant satire which the issue was packed with, as most of those articles were over ten lines in length, and thus out of their attention span. What they did read, though, were those classifieds, which were basically a collection of old and well-worn jokes, so old that we never even considered them to be offensive.

Since those same people were non-readers of the Toike (it must be noted that some may have

been occasional readers) they found it particularly offensive, and (apparently) sent a barrage of complaints to Dean Etkin. These complaints prompted the Dean to write to us and complain about the content, and we were informed as to the nature of the complaints in only a very general manner.

After the letter was received in the Toike Offices, the Editor of the Toike, Mike Nettleton, went to see the Dean to find out what the complainants specifically referred to. At that time, Mike asked the Dean whether he had read the Toike for himself, and the Dean outlined a variety of reasons why he had not found the time to read that particular issue, nor most of the previous ones last year. It must be noted, however, that he did find time to complain.

Dean Etkin also suggested that

he didn't need to read the Toike as it was always full of trash, anyway.

At this point, Eric Hartwell, a former Editor of the Toike (1975-76) who had also helped out with the construction of the Toike/Varsity, was moved (on his own) to write to the Dean, and express his positive thoughts about the issue. He spent quite some time drafting and redrafting the letter so that its meaning would be conclusive to anyone reading it. The letter was sent at the end of March.

About one and one-half weeks before the beginning of classes, we received a letter in the Toike Office from the Dean. The letter turned out to be a strongly-worded rebuttal (or rebuke?) to Eric's letter, and was addressed to him, although copies were also sent to the Toike Staff, the Editor,

Engineering Society President Rob Yates, and President Ham.

This letter turned out to be an unintentional clout across the head of Toike Oike activity, as the policies for the present Skule Year had already been decided and five or six of the issues planned out over a month before the letter was received. The major policy for the present year was to

- 1) Eliminate the use of a joke page.
- 2) To increase the coverage of Skule extracurricular activities.
- 3) To eliminate the use of the crudity shock tactic in making an article stand out, but to allow some coarse language and ideas when they are essential to getting a point across.

Those three basic alterations had already been incorporated into the concept of the Toike when the letter from Dean Etkin arrived. At that time, the thought did occur to print an issue which was in the old "don't give a shit about anyone" style; however, the thought didn't last long, as it went against our basic policy (and the result would have been just another, offensive Toike). This produced a Toike which prompted the masses to

cry "You're sucking up to the Dean!" We aren't, so that doesn't bother us.

Be reassured, that the old "theme" issue has not died. We have a number of "theme" issues planned for this year which we hope will be all the more entertaining and satirical with the new changes in policy.

One major point which has not been touched, and which most Engineering students have heard little or nothing about, is the set of guidelines set up by the Toike Policy Committee of 1975-76. The guidelines as printed in Toike Oike in 1976 appear to the right of this article. They have not changed since they were drawn up, and we don't believe they should be. Apparently, Dean Etkin also is of this opinion; however, we feel that we have been acting within the guidelines since they were drawn up, and the Dean believes the contrary.

It is highly difficult for any transmitted concept to be accepted by anyone; and this is particularly true in all forms of public media. We have decided that it is impossible to please both Dean Etkin (who represents to us, the administration of the University, the outside community, and the Alumni of

March 7, 1978.

Mr. Michael Nettleton,
Editor, "Toike Oike",
Engineering Society,
Metro Library Building,
University of Toronto.

Dear Mr. Nettleton,

The "Toike Oike" of Friday, March 3rd has managed once again to sink to a level of crudity and vulgarity low enough to induce responses from elsewhere in the University community. Although the complaints received in my office were specifically directed to the content of p.19, there were clearly many other items in this issue that were also very offensive.

I am saddened by the fact that our past efforts to establish a set of standards and guidelines for "Toike Oike" that would enable it to fulfil its function with respect to Engineering undergraduates without offending others in the University community and beyond, has somehow been forgotten. I enclose as a reminder to you, the Toike Policy developed in February 1976 by a joint committee of staff and students. Not explicitly stated in the policy is the understanding that Toike editors would strive for a standard of good taste in keeping with the need to project a good image of Engineering students and of this Faculty. An issue such as that of March 3rd does all of us a disservice. It demeans the writers and all those students and staff in this Faculty who have no part in its production.

Sincerely yours,

B. Etkin
Dean

March 26, 1978

Dear Dean Etkin,

I had hoped the time was past when I'd need to discuss the Toike Oike with you. But since I still find myself involved from time to time, I feel obliged to reply to your letter of March 7.

Basically, I think that the March 3 issue is one of the best that I have seen in the last six years. And since it was Mike's second attempt as editor, I was sure that any letter you wrote would have congratulated him for this fine effort.

I can understand your concern on receiving complaints about the paper's content, which you so eloquently stated a few years back in similar circumstances. And, for that matter, had I been editor some of the material in question might not have been printed.

However, for whatever reason, the editor decided to print what he did; moreover, he is responsible enough to hold himself accountable for his decisions while remaining open to criticism. I am sure he appreciates your passing along any complaints you might receive, even if they are anonymous and misdirected.

But I am really surprised to see that you have let yourself pass judgement on an entire issue solely on whether your office receives complaints or not. Perhaps you don't see any need to read each issue as it comes out, but I don't understand how you could write such a letter without doing a little research first.

I am concerned about the implication that a vocal few can expect to impose a form of censorship on the Toike merely by complaining to the Dean's office rather than to the editor. I don't think any self-respecting organization can pander to the prejudices of outside individuals who don't like the editor's decisions (even if they have to dig to the bottom of page 19 to find something they can really get upset about), but don't even have the conviction to identify themselves.

You must be aware that it is impossible to please all members of a group, even if it only has two members. But any attempt to produce a publication that can't be found "offensive" by a single person is not only unrealistic; it is a total waste of time. Besides, spice is the variety of life!

I agree that the Toike must continue to meet some level of "good taste", but I don't see how "good taste" can be defined without intelligent input and reasoned criticism.

I'm sure that if you reread the issue in question you will find that overall it is quite well written and executed, and hence the tone of your letter is hardly warranted.

As far as I'm concerned, the "Varsity" Toike was a credit to those responsible, and also to the Engineering students in general.

But then, that's my opinion.

Yours quite sincerely,

Eric Hartwell
Toike Editor 75-76
Handbook Editor 1977

**TOGA
TOGA
TOGA
TOGA PARTY**

Featuring Panama

**SAC Pub—Dr. John's
Friday, Sept. 29
8:00 PM**

No cover, just a TOGA
No TOGA, \$1.50.
Free coat check!

**Brutus P. Thornapple,
Richard M. Nixon, and
Pierre Elliott Trudeau
never wrote for**

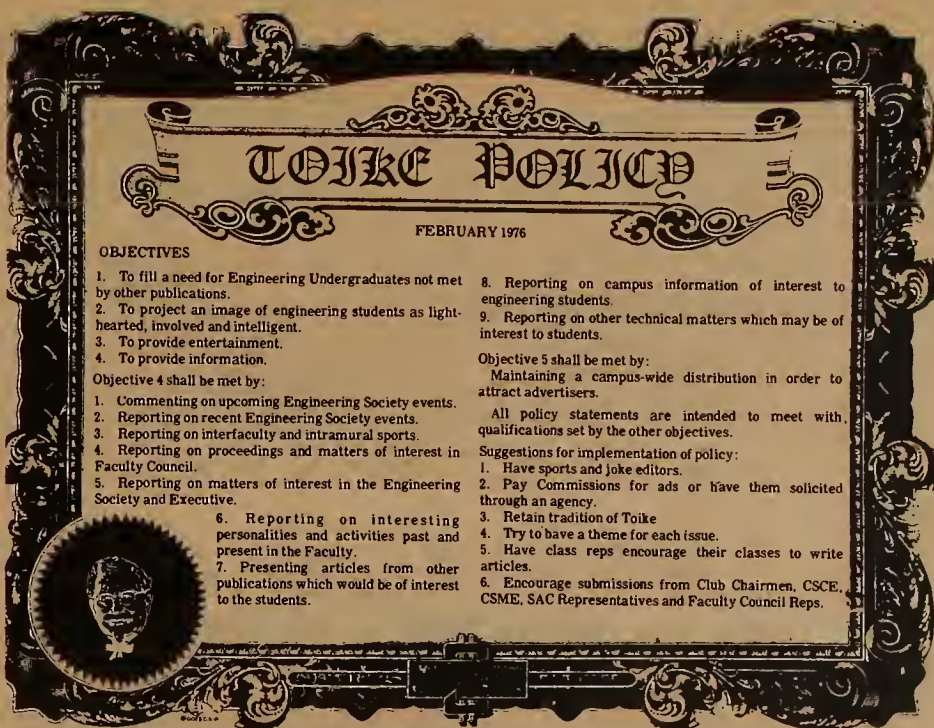
***IKE *IKE
ARE YOU A BORN LOSER,
TOO?**

the University, since he has closer ties to them than we do — although it isn't the generation gap which produces this division) and the students, since the Dean is pushing for a lily-white clad Toike, and the students for a devil-suit clad Toike. Mind you, it is the vocal component of each group which makes those opinions; the silent group remains silent because the vocal group in the other camp is making their point.

Our position this year is somewhere in the middle of those two extremists, and at times we will be leaning pronouncedly in one direction. Reaction to the first Toike was positive, except for pronounced complaints on the lack of Joikes. The lack of Joikes last issue was due to the lack of a need for filler, which is what Joikes are.

Most of us take our positions fairly seriously at the Toike, and we would like to have some intelligent, written responses to our policy for this year. If you managed to read this far, you are probably capable of responding; however, don't expect to see your letter in print if it refers to anything but the present Toike policy. We are always open to constructive suggestions.

And one little fact to close off with — we are striving to maintain at least a 90% originality rate in each issue. We have succeeded thus far, but we could use your writing skills for some of our theme and parody issues. Come along, and find out.



Reprinted from the March 4, 1976 issue of TOIKE OIKE.

August 28, 1978.

Mr. Eric Hartwell,
Engineering Society,
Metro Library Building,
University of Toronto.

Dear Eric:

Many months have now passed since you wrote to me on March 26th, and I have just now found the time to reply.

I agree that the time should be past when you would "need to discuss" the "Toike Oike" with me. I would have hoped that the realities of "Toike", as distinct from the fantasy, would by now have penetrated. If your judgement of the March 3 issue is that it is the best of the last 6 years, and hence by inference is in some sense worthy, then I can only bemoan the fact that your judgment is not better, and that those associated with "Toike" have been so immune to learning from the events of those years.

The complaints I receive are not anonymous - I know whence they come from. And they are not misdirected. They are nearly always from Alumni and others outside our immediate Engineering community. They understandably regard the Dean as the responsible official to whom such complaints should be directed. Do you seriously believe that anyone on the 'outside' would regard the "Toike" as a responsible publication and write to the Editor? There is nothing about it that would encourage such response.

You misjudge me badly when you say that I "pass judgment on an entire issue" solely on whether or not I receive a complaint. Believe me, I have read enough "Toike" material in the past decades to know where it is at. And where it is is various degrees of rotten - with the single exception of the "Fire Issue" of 1977, which showed what Engineering students can do if they choose to.

As to censorship - you really astonish me! If, as you say, the editor holds himself accountable for what he publishes, and remains open to criticism, bow on Earth do you equate complaints and criticisms with censorship? As long as "Toike" continues to print junk, it will have to take the consequences.

If "Toike Oike" were published by Engineering undergraduates for Engineering undergraduates, and produced only in sufficient numbers for that market, although my views of its abysmal quality would be the same, I would not feel compelled to make the same sort of responses. In fact, something like 7 or 8 "Toikes" are printed for every Engineering undergraduate, and the paper is distributed very widely throughout the community. This means that "Toike" has, whether it intends to or not, taken it upon itself to act as a disseminator of information and images about Engineering undergraduates to a much wider community. It has no right to assume that function in the first place, and if it does take it on, must be prepared to stand up to the criticisms that it receives for doing it the way it does. The image presented of Engineering students is altogether false, and does a great disservice to this Faculty and to the University.

After several years of attempting to persuade the students responsible to publish a newspaper worthy of Engineering undergraduates, that could be a show-case for their talents and knowledge, I am coming to the conclusion that "Toike" is not redeemable. It is a disgrace to the Faculty. It panders to the lowest common denominator of student taste and reactions to puerile and prurient titillation at a juvenile level. I repeat that it demeans all who are associated with it as well as the institution it purports, so falsely, to reflect.

I really regret having to use such strong language - but your letter has made it abundantly clear to me that those who write "Toike", in spite of all that has been said in years past still project an image of immaturity, insensitivity and ignorance. Is that the image of the Engineering undergraduate we want to convey to others in the 1970's and 1980's - shallow, crude, uncaring? Is that the truth about the bulk of our student body? I assert that no is the answer to both these questions. In my 40 years as a "Schoolman", as student, teacher and administrator, I have acquired a deep and abiding respect and affection for our students. What "Toike" does to them hurts me.

Will our students rise to the challenge? Will they either abandon "Toike", or convert it to a worthwhile publication? It is in their hands.

Sincerely,

B. Etkin
Dean

Here it is!

JOHN LABATT'S EXTRA STOCK
ESTD 1828
341 ml 6.5% alc/vol

Something extra from Labatt's.

A premium quality brew commemorating our 150th Anniversary.
Extra Stock means extra flavour, extra smoothness, extra taste satisfaction.
Mellow and smooth going down, it's something extra...from Labatt's.

AVAILABLE IN 6, 12, 18 AND 24 BOTTLE CARTONS AT YOUR BREWER'S RETAIL OR FAVOURITE PUB.

1001 USES FOR YOUR VASELINE

TORONTO — No one is more surprised at the ways Vaseline petroleum jelly is used than its manufacturer, Chesebrough-Pond's (Canada) Ltd.

Recommended by this company solely for use in

medical-related applications. Vaseline has become the largest-selling healing balm in the world. More than 90 per cent of the Vaseline produced for use in countries around the world ends up preventing diaper rash and

helping to heal an assortment of burns, cuts and chapped skin.

It's the few remaining percentages, the oddball uses of Vaseline, that become fascinating fan mail at Chesebrough-Pond's. One of the all-time favorites was an account of hooking rainbow trout on hooks covered in blobs of Vaseline.

Buyers of the 118-year-old medical balm have also learned how to use it for curing squeaky wheels on baby strollers. It has been used as an electrical insulator, as a scratch remover on photographers' negatives and as a medicinal shaving cream.

Mario Crespi, product manager of Chesebrough-Pond's, says Vaseline petroleum jelly is a

popular product with sports figures. Long-distance swimmers use it to protect their bodies from cold waters. Baseball players rub it into their gloves to make the leather more pliable.

"In case you wonder how some movie stars bring on tears—they fake them with Vaseline," says Crespi.

The colorless, tasteless, odorless jelly was discovered by accident in 1859. A 22-year-old Brooklyn, N.Y. chemist, Robert A. Chesebrough, had his attention drawn to a paraffin-like residue on rods used in oil fields. The residue was considered a nuisance and was removed regularly. But Chesebrough discovered that oilfield workers rubbed the residue on burns and

cuts to ease pain and keep away infection.

Chesebrough knew he was on to something important. He evolved a process for extracting a concentrated residue from petroleum, then created the name Vaseline petroleum jelly for his product. (Today, Vaseline petroleum jelly is a registered trademark of Chesebrough-Pond's.)

Visiting farms and villages in upper New York State by horse and wagon, Chesebrough handed out of thousands of one-ounce samples of Vaseline. Soon he employed a dozen horse-and-buggy hawkers. His faith in Vaseline was confirmed when the medical profession accepted it.

WINNIE-THE-POOH AND THE HONEY

The young Eng. Sci. grad, madly in love with his high school sweetheart, was having difficulty finding employment. This problem was the only thing that was keeping him from proposing marriage to his sweet Belinda.

One night, while pouring out the sorrows of his fruitless job search, he could restrain himself no longer, and he asked Belinda to be his bride. As she cried, "Yes, yes my darling", he burst into tears and sobbed, "But we have no money! How will we live?"

Gently caressing his hair, she consoled him, "Don't worry, my darling, we'll live on love."

And so it was. Every day our hero paced the streets of Hogtown looking for someone to hire him, and every evening he returned home empty handed to be greeted by his dear, sweet Belinda. And they lived on love.

One night he returned home to find his wife sliding down the bannister. When she reached the bottom, she mounted the bannister again and slid down. Her husband, having reached the

landing, queried "My darling, what in Heaven's name are you doing?"

"Oh my darling", she answered, "I'm just warming dinner!"

A STUDY OF THE FAMILY EDITORIBUS — Dissection of the Genus Toikus

Jymmi eM

Having been on the staff of this paper for some time now, I have been witness to many unusual and varied Toike editors. However, never have I seen an editor with such strong and unhealthy self destructive tendencies as the current one possesses. I am referring, of course, to none other than Nike Mettleton.

The aforementioned foolish oaf, having gleaned apparently no good sense at all from his previous half-year editorship, has taken it upon himself to ferment for yet another year in the much vaunted position of Oike Teditor. The question on everyone's appendix is why? Did someone beat him? Was he threatened? Was he getting paid? Is his cortex shortcircuited?

These and other questions occupied my mind for the better part of thirteen minutes and eventually forced me, despite my lack of resistance, to find out what made the man tick. So I thought a biopsy of his carcass was in order.

Summoning the microscopic abilities of my co-writers, I decided to embark on a living dissection of this parasitic conglomeration of biomass right there in the office.

I was able to gain his attention by driving sixteen three-inch spikes through the back of his skull. Not unlike acupuncture, this manoeuvre had the required sedative effects and we were thus able to begin.

I elected to restrict my investigations to his head, where it had been purported that his brain resided. With the aid of my McDonald's Atlas of Human Anatomy, I pulled back his scalp, took off the skull cap and laid back the three layers of brain coverings, when I suddenly remembered I hadn't washed my hands. My assistant poured half a Brador over my feet before his reptilian brain realized his error. My scalpel soon put him right and I then carefully dried my hands in my armpits.

Unfortunately, I sneezed right into the Ed's cranium anyway, making the whole washing procedure less useful. Wiping my nose on my sleeve, I could see that his brain was the proper size (bigger than a quarter pounder, it said in my text). But, was it functioning properly? I wondered aloud. Carefully tearing it loose from his head, I examined the underside. His cerebellum and other glucose-wasting appendages were all there (it was alarming to see how alike quarter pounders and brains appeared when viewed side by side). Delicately ripping both halves apart, I peered inside. Though it appeared a little more hollow than most, everything seemed to be there. Cautiously tossing it back into his skull, I debated my next step. It seemed to be there in one piece, but I knew something was wrong. Then it came to me.

I got a Waring Blender from the shelf and put his brain into it. Fifteen minutes at 'Beat-Whip' produced the desired result. It was a homogeneous mixture of neural tissue and fat. Skimming the cream off the top, I poured it back into his skull and nailed the skull cap back in place. (Why did it remind me of McDonald's milkshakes?)

Carefully taping his scalp back in place, we stood him up and slapped his face till he came to. Suddenly, his hair fell out and he began to look alarmingly like Richard Pearse, a former Toike editor of four generations back. He began mumbling incoherently and raced off immediately to order five barrels of Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Though I failed in my quest to learn what pushed Nike to continue his editorship, I was able to put forth a new theory about the kind of brain required for the job. Apparently it had to be liquified to function in the first place, but over time it would gel and eventually malfunction. Feeling a warm, inner sense of accomplishment with my task, I congratulated my colleagues, doffed my Canada Packer's surgical greens, signed some autographs, waved to the staff, exited the building and was run over by a truck.

* * * * *

One day, a man went into a bar with his pet frog. He sat down at the bar, a few stools down from a very impressive girl, and ordered two screwdrivers, one with a straw.

"G'wan", said the bartender, "Does the frog really drink?"

"Absolutely", said the man. "See for yourself." So the bartender gave him the two screwdrivers, one with a straw, and sure enough the frog hopped up and quickly downed the one with the straw.

"That's amazing!" exclaimed the bartender. "Does he do anything else?"

"Absolutely," began the man, "he's also highly trained in ..." At the sight of the girl, the man stopped short. The girl looked up and said, "Highly trained in what?"

"Well", said the man, "I thought I'd better not speak of perverted activities in your presence, madam." Disgusted with his sexist notions, she proclaimed, "Nonsense. Anything you can tell the bartender, you can tell me."

"Very well, my good lady" the man continued. "I taught my pet frog to eat pussy."

"Well, why don't you prove it?" asked the girl. So she led the man back to her apartment with the frog, and stripped down. But the frog just sat there, croaking glumly. "Do you really expect me to believe that is a highly trained frog?" demanded the girl.

The man looked at his frog in disgust and said, "Good Lord! Do I have to show you how again?"

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

YEARBOOK EDITOR — Some experience would be helpful, but not necessary. To apply, leave a note in the Vice President (Administrative)'s mailbox.

BUSINESS MANAGER FOR TOIKE OIKE — This is a perfect opportunity for a student in Industrial Engineering, or for someone looking for practical business experience before graduation. Apply at the Toike Office, or leave a note in the Toike Oike mailbox.

If no Yearbook Editor is found, There will be no yearbook. If no Business Manager for the Toike Oike is found, the Toike make have to reduce its size, or stop printing altogether.

Vaseline petroleum jelly earned special respect in 1912 when a life insurance building in New York caught fire. Many pounds of Chesebrough's petroleum jelly were used to ease the pain of fire victims.

Over the years new uses developed, mainly in skin care. But in Africa, some tribes used jars of Vaseline petroleum jelly as money because it did not turn rancid in the hot sun.

The manufacturers have discovered people who butter their bread with Vaseline. Robert Chesebrough himself ate a spoonful of it every day—and lived to the age of 96.

Today, Chesebrough-Pond's manufactures more than three million jars of Vaseline petroleum jelly for Canadians each year. Customers continue to discover unusual uses for it. How about keeping children out of your bedroom by rubbing Vaseline on the outside door knob?

* * *

One day Alfred Schliss decided he was tired of being innocent, so he decided to visit the local bawdyhouse to remedy this undesirable condition.

The madam of the house suggested several kinky and erotic methods for Al to cast off his innocence, and Al finally decided that the 69'er sounded most appetizing.

Into the bedroom he was led, and the madam skilfully undressed herself and young Al, telling him to lie down on the bed. Then she gently sat on his face, and as she was about to go down, she let loose a roaring fart (very similar to the Royal Anal Utterance).

After several minutes, the air was clear, and Al had stopped gagging, and they were able to proceed again. Once again, Al lay on his back, and the madam delicately got on to his face. And once again, as she began her performance, she let out another roaring big fart.

When he was able, Al quickly got up, threw on his clothes, and ran out the door, yelling behind him, "I'm not going to go through 67 more of those!"

* * *

Three boys were in the woods during a fierce thunderstorm and the only refuge they could find was the house of a Catholic priest. After answering the door, the priest inquired as to the boys' religions. The first boy said he was a Catholic, and this made the priest happy. He sent the lad to sit by the fire and warm himself up.

The second boy also said he was a Catholic and was sent to warm himself by the fire. The third boy, in answering the priest's question, proclaimed himself Jewish. To this the priest scowled and sent the lad to a corner to spend the night.

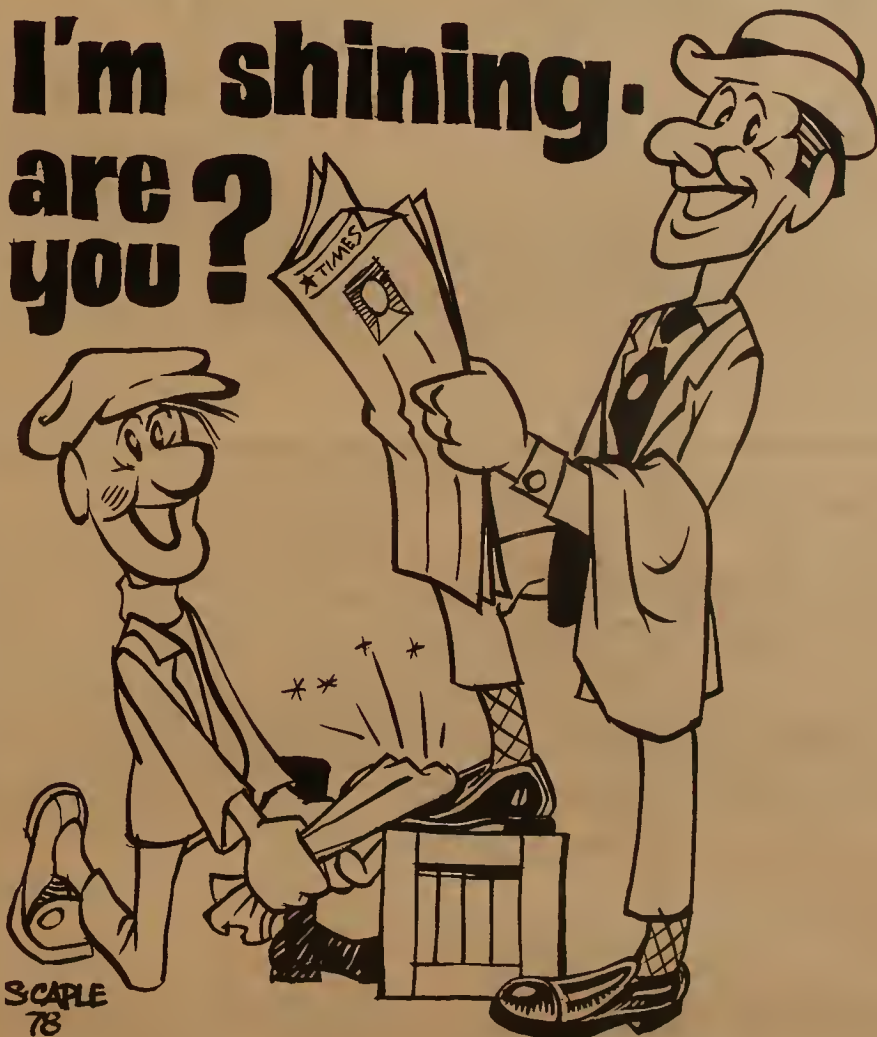
In the morning the priest inquired as to the boys' dreams. The first replied that he dreamt that he had won a million dollars and given it all to the Church. The priest smiled and told him it was the action of a good Catholic. The second boy said he dreamt that he had become the Pope and had brought peace to the world. The priest deemed this also the action of a good Catholic. The third lad replied that he dreamt that he had died and gone to Hell. The priest smiled and told the boy to be happy, for at least he was warm. The boy shook his head and said that he couldn't get near the fire for all the damned Catholics.

PUT A SHINE ON.

SHINERS ADMITTED FREE TO THE SHINERAMA NURSING PUB IN THE U.C. REFECTORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th —
MEET AT KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE

I'm shining. are you?



SCAPLE
78

GET YOUR
SHINERAMA T—SHIRT
\$2.00 AT THE
ENGINEERING STORES

SHINERAMA

CANADIAN YOUNG PEOPLE FIGHTING CYSTIC FIBROSIS

To the credit of the design engineers, however, it must be pointed out that all these people ignored the built-in safety feature. None of the people who complained bothered to put the little rubber safety boots on the birds' tiny feet.

Sophomoric Pet Peeve

Somewhere around 70% of the student population of this bastion of alleged education are day students. After their last class they hop on the subway (when running) and rush to the suburban comforts of home, i.e. safe cooking, and a room in which you don't have to open the windows to stretch your arms and outside of which there are rarely, if ever, motocross races. Then there are those that are not so fortunate.

We are told that two thirds of the world goes to bed hungry each night, but how often do we hear that every night the resident goes to bed wondering if he will awake to see the dawn of another day, or whether "Thursday Night Surprise" will claim another victim? Sure, the resident doesn't have to put up with subways that make sardine cans look spacious, and I know that it was easier to find a lifeboat on the Titanic than to find a parking spot near campus, but all in all if you live at home you're on Easy Street.

Of course, not all the remaining 30% live right in the officially sanctioned dungeons; many prefer to select their own means of deprivation. Regardless, the same general conditions apply, except that if you're a half-decent cook you can avoid food poisoning and catch pneumonia instead when you discover that the furnace in your tenement hasn't worked since oil replaced coal. Also, you may find that the noise of residence is replaced by the quiet munching of termites and cockroaches.

If you live at home, count your blessings and share your lunch; however, if you don't, all is not lost. With a little imagination you can think up thousands of things which can help take the edge off of living on your own. Here are a few suggestions:

1) Keep a pet. Although residences and most other slums do not allow them, if you get away from the normal cat/dog thing (which you can't afford to feed anyway) no one will be the wiser. Go exotic. Most of the wildlife you see crawling around your hovel can be domesticated

and will add a charming, homey touch. Cockroaches, for example, are truly intriguing little beasts. Although not affectionate in the classical sense of the word (or any other sense either), they have a sort of intellectual fascination for those of menial intellect. It is an interesting fact that cockroaches are highly organized on a social level, with division of labour and specifically marked areas for specific purposes, and even more interesting that such a socially advanced animal can eat worse stuff than they feed you.

For those who prefer something a bit more warm blooded, rats make an ideal choice. They are intelligent, curious, and easily trained; however, the type you are likely to encounter are not the docile white lab variety, so it is advisable to keep them well-fed unless you want to count your fingers and toes after you get up each morning.

If you don't wish to worry about feeding anything, how about just leaving those damp sweat socks around in a musty corner somewhere? You don't want to wash them anyway. If you leave them out long enough something is bound to grow. Although your conversations may be a trifle one-sided, at least you don't have to worry about shots or getting him/her/it fixed.

If all else fails, try to tame the jock down the hall (Warning: You may find the odour somewhat offensive). If it appears comatose, yell "Fumble!"

If pets aren't up your alley, you might try a hobby. This field offers a wide range of diversity, the scope of which is limited only by the perversity of your warped little mind.

Collections are probably the commonest hobby. Many can be started with little or no cost

involved. Collect nurses, for example. Swap and trade them with your friends. Or you can collect Toikes. Fold them into funny shapes or stuff them in the cracks around your window. Lastly, try collecting problem sets. (You will anyway, so you might as well have fun at it.) Try

arranging them in alphabetical order, or by the percentage value of your mark — or, best of all, by the date they were due on.

If collections bore you, you might try an observational hobby such as watching the pigeons mate in the spring, or counting the similarities and differences between the rubbies and the squirrels in Queen's Park, or keep a log of the vehicle numbers of the buses or streetcars that run by your place.

If all else fails, you can relieve the tedium of abject poverty by putting to use all of the wisdom you are acquiring at University. Look around — the world is full of puzzles and mysteries! For the biologist, identify and karyotype the different strains of botulism that you encounter during the year. Or try to classify the pharmacists. Are they animal, vegetable or mineral?

The psychologist has ample opportunity to explore the human mind in the campus setting. How do your professors react to chosen stimuli; i.e., from students (negligible) to tenure and grants (extreme)? Can we truly say that they react rationally? Or try your T.A. — is he/she capable of intelligent thought?

It happened one day that Joe Nurd (Forestry 7T9) found himself out duck-shooting in the great Canadian outback along the Ontario-Manitoba border.

In his wisdom, Joe had acquired a duck-hunting permit for Ontario, and he was getting his money's worth for that day.

After he'd been out for a few hours, along came a Manitoba games warden, who demanded to see Joe's permit to shoot Manitoban ducks.

Well, Joe felt like a bit of a nurd, but he politely asked the



... some pets just pine away if you don't feed them ...

The engineer, of course, has the most opportunity to apply his learning to the outside world. For example, try estimating how long that piece of loose plaster hanging over your bed will just hang there. Try to measure the static friction coefficient of your landlord when he comes to collect the rent. Do an efficiency

study of SAC, and estimate how many baboons it would take to run it properly. These are just a few of the possibilities. Use your creativity. Relax and enjoy the coming year. Stop killing yourself wondering if it will be as bad as last — of course it will.

Warden how he could tell a final duck that he found the Manitoban duck from an Ontario (oboy) duck.

Casualty, the warden picked up the first duck, stuck his index finger up its ass, licked his finger, and pronounced, "It's okay, this one's an Ontario duck." He then picked up a second duck and did the same things with it, but found it to be from Ontario as well.

He proceeded to stick his finger up every duck's ass, determined to find one from Manitoba, but it wasn't until the twentieth and

he found the sweet taste of Manitoba.

"Duck-shit" he proclaimed happily upon discovering the tainted turd, and he proceeded to issue poor Joe Nurd a summons for hunting without a permit.

"Name?" he asked, to which Joe replied "Joe Nurd."

"Address?" he queried, and Joe answered, "13 Elm Street, Albany."

"Province?" he asked, and Joe silently bent over, then said, "Find out for yourself."

Do You consider Yourself a Genius?
No? Good! Why not come out to the next

Toike Makeup!

Now that you've missed the Champagne Toike Makeup, you can be part of these:

The Second Famous Campus Paper Parody
and

The First Famous Science Fiction Toike

The next Writer's Makeup is on Saturday 14 October, after the Blues—Mustangs football game.

Come on out—or leave a message in the Toike Office for someone. . .



**Fall '78
BY-ELECTION:**

The By-election to fill 1 vacant Engineering Seat on the SAC Board of Directors is on

**WEDNESDAY,
OCT. 4, 1978**

The Candidates are
**Alison Bradbury
Greg R. Moum
Lorenz Rosenberg**

There will be a ballot box
in the Engineering Cafeteria
from 10 AM until 5 PM.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

While out shopping the other day for a paperweight, I found that the most effective available was one made out of 100% Osmium. With the rising quantities of paperwork and the increase in bureaucracy everywhere, I decided to ease the burdens of life thrust upon mankind by studying the possibilities of owning a black hole. After all, I am an engineer, and my professional code suggests that all I do should be

useful to mankind.

The black hole I picked up is a special limited edition issue, coloured blue. The blue black hole is fast becoming a treasured collector's item, and the standard black (non-coloured) models of holes are available for a more nominal and reasonable cost; however, the o ralatelist (hole collector) normally doesn't mind the extra costs associated with coloured black holes.

While studying my perfect

paperweight, I began to think over the possibilities of owning my own neutron star. After some investigation, I discovered that they can be had for less than half the cost of a black hole (non-coloured), which is about twice the cost of the CN Tower. Unfortunately, the neutron stars available proved to be much too hot to permit any common use.

The applications available to the black hole owner are limitless. First, the black hole is

the world's most effective paperweight and trash receptacle. Second, if your Electrolux breaks down, this will do the job of sucking up rather well. The applications go on and on: a black hole makes a perfect conversation piece at a party (just a note here: if you hold a party, make sure you have enough over-strength beer to feed the hole, as well as your friends); your friends will literally break up over it. Just be careful that some unscrupulous person doesn't try to use your precious hole as a twentieth-century version of the medieval rock.

Take care to note that black hole ownership might be quite dangerous. Already, the health authorities in Ottawa are denouncing the black hole as a sterility-causing agent, and are exploring the possibility of banning it and classifying it as a narcotic. The reasoning for the latter train of thought is that a person in contact with a black hole experiences distortions in the time-space frame, an hallucination similar to that caused by the use of illegal

drugs, and of sniffing bantha turds.

All things considered, owning a black hole can be fascinating, and you should find it of enormous use. Your only problem may be the exorbitant price, although you might be able to get a deal if the market is weak. It is possible to divide up a large black hole so that a co-op purchase plan might be developed among a large group of people, in order to purchase a black hole at bulk weight rates.

I found that the major problem with the black hole is that it tends to eat right through the papers which it is supposed to protect, and that most of my friends suddenly decided that they wanted to be part of my black hole; however, the benefits far outweigh the advantages, and I encourage you to at least think of black hole ownership.

* * *

Two white mice were discussing their duties around the lab one day. Said one, "I've got it great. All I have to do is run this simple maze, and at the end, I get food for it."

"HAH!", exclaimed the other, "I've got my professor trained; all I have to do is ring a bell and he BRINGS me the food!"

more box

Dear Godiva:

From the viewpoint of a typical confused Flrosh trying to figure out what the hell is going on here, I have the following questions about this Institute of Higher Education:

1) Why are the washrooms (and the fireplaces) all numbered? Is it so that people can print them into their timetable?

2) What is the weekly fatality rate for students being run over while crossing St. George Street?

3) Where do all these weird people come from?

I hope someone can answer these questions.

Yours truly,
A Flrosh

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your last issue of the Toike Oike very much. I'm glad that you've cut down on the blatant sexual debasement of women as I feel that women are more than just sex object.

Farrah Fawcett Majors

Dear Boxy Lady;

I knew in a minute, if I wanted to get in it, then I'd have to get on it.

Harry Nilsson

My Dear Godiva,

Boy oh Boy! Am I mad at my math professor! We walk into class on the first day and he says to us, "Okay gang, we're doing things slightly different this year. Marks will be allocated according to shoe size. The biggest get the highest marks." This wouldn't be so bad if I hadn't been under the impression that the highest marks would go to the person with the fewest toes, so I had my feet cut off. The inconsistency in marking really burns my cookies. I'm sorry but that's the way I feel. Now get outta here. I mean it.

Billy Murray

P.S. What should I do?

Dear Flrosh,

We sincerely thank you for your inquisitive views, but really, what the fuck do you think goes on here? We number all the washrooms and fireplaces to save you the ultimate confusion. If we lettered them, you'd really be screwed. The fatality rate of those crossing St. George St. is null (since only Flrosh and artsies are struck, and they are not considered as people). As for all these weird people, there are 800 of them, and if we knew where they had come from, we'd send them back!

Thank-you again
Godiva.

Dear Godiva,

A Recent study has shown that 8 out of 10 people ignore recent studies and 6 of these 8 have pet dogs named Randolph. On the other hand, 13 of 15 people have never eaten mashed potatoes with their fingers while only 3 of 15 live in pianos and take bungalow lessons.

In summary, April 1 isn't necessarily All Fools Day. In fact, if this letter is read backwards at 33 1/3 wpm, all your fondest wishes will come true and the cryptic message "How high is up?" appears on the nearest television screen.

C.T. Hall

Dear Godiva;

I thought you'd be interested to know that a recent study has shown that if all artsies are laid end to end, it would quite likely be the first time for most of them.

Gaylord Pirouette

To Whom It May Concern:

If all the rest of the Toikes are like the last one, then you can cancel my subscription, effective immediately!

King Pierre E. Trudeau

FACULTY CALENDAR

A few months ago, the Faculty Council passed a motion to look into the problems of timing within the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. It has taken from then to now for a committee to come up with a proposed solution to the problem.

A member of the Faculty Council, from Mechanical Engineering, has proposed that the current calendar should be revised for classes in Engineering as follows:

Hell	Mon	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri
8	7	6	5	4	3	2
16	15	14	13	12	11	9
23	22	21	20	19	18	17
31	29	28	27	26	25	24
38	37	36	35	34	33	32

(1) Every Professor's problems set always must have top priority, and each one always seems to want his finished yesterday. With this new calendar, each Professor can request his problem set to be finished by the 7th, and have it in by the 3rd.

(2) All problem sets seem to be due at the same time as tests are held, and that day is almost always a Monday. In the new calendar, there are two Mondays in every week.

(3) There are seven extra days at the end of the month for all those special end-of-month rushes.

(4) There is no 'first of the month' crisis as there is no first of the month.

(5) For personal reasons, the tenth and the thirtieth of each month have been removed, in case you have been asked to write midterms on either of those days.

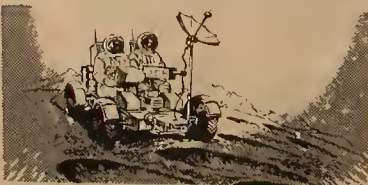
(6) There are no more bothersome Saturdays or Sundays for skiing or slacking off.

(7) There is a new day each week called 'Hell Day'. That is the day for going to a Professor to try to get extra marks.

It is hoped that the transition to this calendar will progress smoothly when adopted. If you have further questions, simply contact your Departmental Advisor.

The Faculty of Arts and Science is also considering the adoption of this calendar, and are soliciting opinions from persons in that Faculty. At the time of publication, it was not known where the Faculty of Arts and Science was requiring its students to go; however, as of today (Thursday, September 14th) students may go to the information office at Simcoe Hall in order to be told where to go.

ANNOUNCING: The Second Annual MEN IN ENGINEERING CRUMPETS and TEA PARTY



... featuring:
an Educational
Audio-Visual
Presentation

THURSDAY 5 OCTOBER

USEFUL RUMOUR: YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO
ENJOY THE SHOW FROM THE PLUSH COMFORT
OF CONVOCATION HALL.

REVIEWtoike

Jean-Luc Ponty Rocks On

by ERIC HARTWELL

I didn't really want to write this review, since I'm developing a nasty cold and my head hurts and I've got better things to do. But the Toike editor is a cruel, mean person without a speck of compassion in his mangy soul, relentless in his vicious exploitation of the downtrodden masses, driven by a crazed desire for the filthy lucre of the imperialist war-mongers, a true enemy of the peoples' struggle...

Now, I admit that I promised to write a review for my free ticket, but honestly - for the Toike? After all, the Toike is theoretically mostly an Engineering publication, and everybody knows that engineering students are (in general) a repulsive mob of uncouth boors with a lack of culture matched only by their illiteracy. How then to relate a Jean-Luc Ponty concert in a form that would be tolerable to their cretinous excuses for minds?

I suppose one must begin somewhere, so I shall.

The lineup, I'm sorry to report, was only fair to good. We went to the second show, so it was already dark when we got there. The sky was clear and the air pretty fresh (considering), but it was a trifle cool for standing in line. This probably explains the numerous bonfires that we set on the lawns and Front Campus. (Actually, I didn't see any fires, but the smell of burning leaves

was almost overpowering at times).

Somehow we managed to get less than superb seats (not that I'm complaining, but they were wood), and settled down for a squirmy wait until the concert itself began less than a half hour late. A massive green moose took over the stage, and it was only with considerable persuasion that it was convinced to leave and David Wilcox was coerced into taking its place.

Those who have never seen Wilcox live are always amazed at the veracity of his lonely duck imitations; Sunday night was no exception. The crowd was overwhelmed as he ran through but a small part of his repertoire, ranging from mild-mannered moose mugging to blatant yowl. Almost incidentally, he also displayed a lively mastery of the guitar, though I still maintain that if God had intended guitars to make some of those sounds, He would have given Man steel fingers. Wilcox's sprightly sense of humour, coupled with some really rollicking rock and boogie (the real kind, not that vapid DISCO SUCKS crap), had the crowd rolling before they even knew it.

After a lengthy break for the nicotine addicts in the audience to run into the ball for another hit, Jean-Luc Ponty's band meekly filed out and crammed themselves into the nooks and crannies of the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of high technology filling the stage, plugged themselves in, and pressed the start button.

For a person like me who's

fascinated with electronic synthesis and signal processing (especially the technical details), the second half of the concert was, in a word, fascinating. Admittedly, the straight keyboard work was generally insipid both in concept and in voicing/sound structure, but some of the special effects were stunning in their subtlety. In fact, some were so subtle they weren't even there, and you could hear the actual instruments.

On the other hand, I was particularly impressed by Ponty's lengthy solo with a blue violin and a digital delay line. I think the electronics that can convert sound into a stream of digital numbers, delay it for a time, then convert it back is especially enchanting, and this was the first time I've ever heard one being given a thorough workout. Some of the sound structures were almost shocking in their unexpectedness, but the most striking was Ponty's ability to maintain order and control over the complexity of superimposed echos he developed.

It was at about this point that my companion started fidgeting and complaining about having her ears pierced; eventually, she left before the concert was over. This was no great loss since she had insisted on bringing her boyfriend along, but there's no escaping the fact that the sound was simply too loud. Even though the sound system was more than capable of handling the volume (no distortion, thank the Lord), the music came across

fuzzily as ears closed down to avoid damage.

What it all comes down to, I suppose, is that the effect Ponty was aiming for is not quite anything but what it was: a solid wall of sound, slightly fuzzy around the edges; a very tight

group, verging on perfection in execution; sound a bit vacant in ideas at times, though never truly lethargic; highly polished, chrome-plated jazz; virtuosity, but not much warmth.

And it was cold outside after the show.



Available to all members of the University of Toronto:
Student, Faculty or Administrative staff.

Office of the University Ombudsman, 16 Hart House Circle,
University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1 978-4374

Members of the University at the Scarborough
and Etobicoke Campuses may arrange to meet with
the Ombudsman at their respective campuses.

TOIKE Goes To The MOVIES

Okay you suckers, listen, and listen good. Quit wasting your money going out to the movies. There hasn't been a good movie made since "Godzilla Takes a Quick One", way back in 1939. Your average movie today, to put it frankly, sucks. Take, for example, Grease. Now, I haven't seen it and don't intend to, but boy oh boy, can you imagine John Travolta mincing around while Olivia Newton-John wets her pants every time he smiles? It's enough to make you want to go to the nearest zoo and shoot a kangaroo, or even burn your Sweathog T-Shirt. Never mind.

The fact is that you pointy-headed bastards wouldn't know a good movie if it sat on your face. So forget it. Don't come crying to me after you shell out \$7.50 for you and a "friend" to see "Star Wars Goes Hawaiian" because you feel it had no social significance and an enjoyment factor of 0.3 on the open ended scale.

The solution to the problem? Go to the nearest well known director or producer and demand a better movie. Threaten to cut your head off if they don't come up with something better. If they don't, go ahead and cut your head off. Boy, will they be sorry.

Ahhh...



Isn't it the best beer you've ever tasted?

SPORTOIKE

Skule Volleyball

SPS Finally Scores

by Ararat Hacetoglu
Volleyball Commissioner

Volleyball has been a good activity for Skule in past years; this year, it is going to be the best. Our first division team won the championship last year without losing a match all season. This year, we are out to accomplish the same thing, and capture both the first and second division titles.

The calibre of the participants who have come out so far is so high that we are sure that we can attain our goal.

There will be three interfaculty teams fielded by Engineering this year, and a fourth will be created if necessary. The teams compete on very different levels, ranging from "power volleyball" to recreational activity. Even if you have never played before, there

is a place for you on one of our teams. Come on out and play a little volleyball; but most of all, meet people and make some new friends.

The season starts on October 17th. The games will be played in the Hart House Upper Gym between 7:00 PM and 10:00 PM. The first division team (Engineering I) will play matches at both Scarborough and Erindale Colleges, as well.

Practices have already started, but it's still (or never) too late to come out. There are two practices each week, on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 8:00 (don't worry, you'll make it to your 9:00 class) in the Hart House Upper Gym. Attendance at the practices is not compulsory, but we have to see you play before we put you on a team. If you have any questions or suggestions, feel free to call Ara at 923-0276 after 8:00 PM.

Last Thursday, the Engineering football team emerged victorious from the first game of the season, in a tough match against the current champions, Scarborough College.

The game was exciting to watch, and had much more offence than the 3 to 0 score indicated; yet the score kept the outcome of the game in doubt until the final moment. The winning of an opening game was the first season opener victory by Engineering in many years, and the defeat was the first in three years for the defending champions, Scarborough.

The first half saw no scoring, but the play was controlled predominantly by Engineering, as Scarborough was kept pinned

to its own end in the entire first half. Only a series of costly penalties in overzealous actions prevented Skule from scoring major points. The half ended with Engineering controlling the ball inside the ten yard line, as a result of a long pass. At that point, it seemed that Scarborough had been saved by the bell.

After halftime, Skule resumed the attack where they had left off, controlling the outcome of the game; unfortunately, the team chalked up a fair amount of penalty yardage as well. An interception by Kevin Burns put the team into scoring position, but the tough Scarborough defence (we have to give them credit where they deserve it) held together, and blocked a field

goal attempt. Finally, a field goal scored part way through the fourth quarter by Tony Massello put Skule on the scoreboard.

When the field goal had been scored by Engineering, Scarborough surged back, and with time running out, they moved into position for a field goal attempt. Fortunately, this was blocked, another example of the outstanding work which was done by the Skule defence throughout the game.

The next game will be played today (Thursday) against St. Michaels College, in a battle of the two undefeated teams from A Division. Spectators are welcome to attend the game, which starts at 4:15 PM, on the Back Campus, behind Hart House.

T*IKE J*IKES

A graduate artsman had finished his tour of flower gardens in the Canadian Arctic and was pretty hard up for everything. The only bar he could find for 1000 kilometers did not have a house of ill repute, but the artsie went in anyways and made inquiries at the desk. The clerk replied that he indeed did not have any whores but he did have a large walrus, to which the artsie exclaimed "I don't like it," and stormed out.

One week later he returned even hornier and asked for the walrus. The clerk then said, "Only you, me, the walrus, and four other men shall ever know about this."

"Four other men!!!" exclaimed the artsie, "Why four other men?"

"Well", said the clerk, "they're

to hold down the walrus. He don't like it, either!"

* * *

Two nuns were cycling back to their convent, and decided to take a shortcut.

First Nun: I've never come this way before!

Second Nun: It must be the cobblestones!

* * *

One day two artsies and an engineer were caught in a storm and sought refuge at the nearest farmhouse. Said farmhouse contained a witch, who consented to allow them to sleep in the barn only if one of them laid her in the hayloft. Horrified but desperate all three drew straws; unfortunately the engineer lost, and he boldly went

to confront his destiny. Upon his arrival at the hayloft the witch removed her 10,000 year old rag, closed her eyes, and commanded the engineer to satisfy her. The observant engineer noticed a near-by bushel of corn and quickly shoved one ear up the witch's aching chasm. After several strokes the engineer tossed the cob over his shoulder and proceeded with a fresh cob. This continued well into the bushel until the witch finally cried "Enough!" The witch re-inserted her rag and returned to the farmhouse and the engineer climbed down from the hayloft. There he found the artsmen laughing, and through tears of laughter one exclaimed "Ha, Ha! You had to fuck the witch, and we sat down here eating HOT BUTTERED CORN!"

The North Atlantic Squadron

WIN!

A case of BRADOR (or your choice of brew)

All you need to do is compose a new verse for the song, "North Atlantic Squadron". Submit your new verse, along with all the old verses you can remember, to the Editorial Offices of the Toike Oike by 6:00PM on Tuesday, October 31, 1978. Entries will be judged according to the number of verses submitted, and the quality of the new verse. After judging (and sorting out of all repeated and undesirable verses) the resultant version of the song will be printed in the November 9th issue of the Toike.

Contest Rules:

1) The deadline for all submissions will be 6:00 PM on Tuesday, October 31, 1978. Submissions may be mailed to the Toike Oike, 20 St. George St., Third Floor, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2E4, or by campus mail, or may be hand delivered to the Toike Office or the Toike Oike mailbox in the Engineering Society area.

2) Entries will be judged by the Editorial Staff of the Toike Oike (all members appear on the masthead) and no favouritism will be permitted. The number of old verses submitted will have a bearing on the choice of a winner, but the main criterion for selecting the best entry will be originality and pertinency of the composed entry. It must be noted that entries which are too obscure (do not exercise some degree of tact) and entries which are too clean (and thus do not fit the spirit of the song) will not fare as well as entries which are a happy blend of both.

3) All entries and all verses submitted must fit the meter of the original song.

4) All students, staff, and faculty of the University of Toronto are eligible to enter. If a selection is chosen as the winner, it will not be the official winner until the person who submitted it is identified as a member of the University of Toronto community (i.e., student, staff, or faculty).

5) Each entry must be accompanied by the name, address, and telephone number of one real person, who will be denoted as the submitter of the entry. Names will not be published unless permission is given; however, the winner (and if the winning entry comes from a group, winners) must consent to allow his or her name (or their names) to be published, along with a photograph, as a condition of winning the contest.

6) There is no rule number 6

7) No photocopies in any entry will be allowed.

8) There is no limit to the number of entries which may be submitted by any one group or person, however, each entry must be submitted separately from the others.

SHINERAMA NURSING PUB

Saturday September 30th
From 5PM to 1AM

At U.C.

Admission: \$1.00

(the last ad said 25¢—
you should have gone then!)

All proceeds go to Shinerama

